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In Memoriam

GREENLEAF

75
136

11 Name

2022

W. D. Messinger
Compliments of
O. A. Brewster

AIN
(G. A. Brewster)
Greenville

Printed for Private Circulation.

O. G. Greenleaf.

1823.

1896.

His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, This was a man !

—*Shakespeare.*

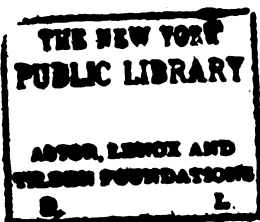




FIG. 1. A. H. 1870. N. 1. A.

O. H. Greenleaf



in leaf

LIFE, LIFE WORK AND INFLUENCE OF

O. H. GREENLEAF.

By a fellow traveler along the highway of an active business life
for nearly half a century of years.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

1896.

adw

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ORICK HERMAN GREENLEAF.

Where good men live,
Heaven's blessings fall around,
When good men die,
The grave is holy ground.

TO BEAR the earthly remains of loved ones to their last resting places, with accompaniments of tears and tenderness, is well; to cover the replaced clods of the valley with floral offerings of sentiment and solace, and with fullness of heart, is both fitting and timely; to carry the list of good deeds within the closest cells of memory, surrounded by affectionate regard, not only serves to comfort mourning hearts, but helps to bring the souls of stricken ones into closer communion with the Creator of the Universe, at the feet of the Father of mankind, and by the side of the brothers of sanctified humanity, (personified and developed in the varied walks of life;) with those whose footsteps may never more be seen

Owens Davies 27 Apr 1844

1974

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on earth; whose warm touch of the hand may never more be felt, with us; whose spirits once mingling with our own pulsing heart-beats, may never more be known until final fulfillment may be reached in the realms of eternal being.

By the world at large, when activity becomes pulseless and still, when the eyelids droop in silence, ears close to earthly sounds, hands fall listless, folded and idle, the feet chained and inactive within

“The chamber where the good man meets his fate,”
a silent, yet sacred, duty calls for means to preserve “the sweet remembrance of the just,” and for the recording on pages of permanent preservation, plainly, yet modestly, the virtues that have passed away, that they who come after may read and find strength to follow in the footsteps of the departed.

Nothing could have been more distasteful to the subject of these memorial pages, than an unseemly panegyric, in connection with the passing of the elements of “The Life that now is” into the realms of “The Life that is to come.”

It is well to speak of our dead with all due

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care and consideration ; passing by the frailties of humanity with tenderness of speech, speaking of the struggles and failures of life, charitably, and of the blameless and worthy lives, with modest expression of appreciation. The poet well describes the late Mr. Greenleaf, the subject of this sketch, when he said,

"This was a man,"

to which may be added, a man who loved his fellow men and his Maker conscientiously and tenderly, serving both faithfully from his boyhood hours to the end of his days.

ON Saturday afternoon, May 16, 1896, one year more than half a century after making his home in Springfield, all that was mortal of the late Mr. Greenleaf was laid to rest on a gently sloping hillside, beneath the wide-reaching arms of a mammoth oak tree, in Oak Grove Cemetery, of which the deceased was one of the originators and founders.

The large audience of sincere mourners that crowded the First Baptist Church, of which Mr. Greenleaf had been an active and helpful member almost from the day of his first coming to Springfield, attests as to the high esteem in which he was held by all classes of people, as well as to how large a circle of warm and appreciative friends he had won unto himself; how well these had been kept in close touch with him through all the years of toil and strife in the competitive marts of the business world; how generous had been the bounties from his open hand; how his record for integrity of

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purpose and honesty of action were reflected in the faces of his fellow men in the house of God, in whose conduct and maintenance he had ever been faithful and foremost, and how genuine was the expression of sorrow that his face should be no more seen among them.

Mr. Greenleaf's birthplace and boyhood residence were on a farm in Nunda, Livingston Co., N. Y., where his parents were among the respected dwellers in the rural community there located, the father, William Greenleaf, being of Huguenot descent originally, and the mother, Almira Sandford, of Vermont parentage and New England birthright.

After a few years of youthful experience, with creditable record, as an apprentice in a tannery, conducted at his boyhood's home, he went to Seneca Falls, N. Y., where he became a journeyman, tanner and currier. Here the late Elijah Bliss of Springfield made his acquaintance, which was mutually so pleasant and impressive as to induce Mr. Greenleaf to settle in Springfield and take the foremanship of Mr. Bliss' tannery, which fifty years and

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more ago was located on South Main street, on part of which premises, the Grace Methodist Episcopal church now stands.

The thrifty and economical habits, prominent in the domestic atmosphere in which Mr. Greenleaf was reared, were never lost sight of in after years of business prosperity and successful achievement, and were corner stone controlling elements in the foundation building of a notable business life, resulting in long years of accumulation and increase of worldly means and moneyed measurements, liberal portions of which were bestowed all along the way in helpful efforts, providing means for doing good among his fellow men.

After two years of earnest and faithful service with Mr. Bliss he became the senior member of the Greenleaf & Taylor Manufacturing Company, establishing an unpretentious paper warehouse in a one story building, on the South side of Harrison avenue, just east of Main street, where, with his partner, the late Lewis H. Taylor, a prosperous trade was built up in gathering rags from house to house and

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exchanging same with paper manufacturers, for the product of their mills. Prosperity attended every step of progress in this, which would now be called a very small undertaking, but it was made the medium from which grew by degrees, one of the most successful enterprises of the Connecticut valley.

Mr. Greenleaf's first victories on the battle fields of active life were won by methods combining strict attention to business, the possession of industrious and economical habits; a careful husbandry of small pecuniary resources, and by an established practice of dealing fairly and honestly in small as well as in large transactions. No acquisition of riches or the power which riches bring in after years of accumulated mission and means brought keener enjoyment to him than did the slow but steady growth of additional prosperity, accompanied as they were by the confidence and good will of his conduct in the days of these small beginnings.

Like all instances of similar growth and expansion, the Harrison Avenue establishment

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becoming too crowded for either pleasure or profit, an enlarging of borders was a natural sequence. The paper mill now known as the Chester Paper Company, at Huntington, Mass., was erected, that location being chosen in order to make available the water of a large outflow of pure spring water, which had for years been running to waste—an element so necessary in the manufacture of good paper.

A more commodious warehouse than the original one, on Harrison avenue, was obtained near the then railway station of The Western, now the Boston & Albany road, where not even losses by fire could dampen the ardor of the firm, or mar its record for continued increase and development. It was not alone in after years that Mr. Greenleaf commenced the practice of "giving to the poor and lending to the Lord." Of his small means he gave ever willingly, and of his accumulated wealth, to an extent that verifies the truthfulness of the Scripture text,

"There is that scattereth and yet increaseth,"
a living testimony to the beneficial influences

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of divine inspiration, when received into willing hearts, where the love of God and man are mingled, with faith in the power and promises of omnipotence.

As years went by, success followed success in business ventures, until the year 1853, when the paper industry seemed to be waking to the new life which was from that time up to the days of the Civil War, and for many years after, a popular factor in the rapid increase of the commercial growth of our country. A stock company was then formed, of which Mr. Greenleaf was the active manager, and the mills of the Chester Paper Company, at Huntington, were built, for the manufacture of printing paper, the product being changed some dozen years later, to that of fine writing paper. In 1865, Mr. Greenleaf obtained control of the Holyoke Paper Company, of Holyoke, and has been its recognized head up to the time of his death, bringing to the establishment the best of his excellent judgment and a bright example of industrial and economical habits and ideas, and winning an enviable reputation as one of

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the best managers of paper mills of his day, during all these years holding the good-will and esteem of the highest order, of both his competitors and the world at large, as well. The late Messrs. J. C. Parsons and Joseph Carew, widely known as foremost men in the paper business of their time, both at home and abroad, were co-temporary with Mr. Greenleaf in the palmiest days of all of these named gentlemen, each holding each and the other in high esteem and regard.

It is rare, indeed, that opportunity offers for so clean a record being written down, as the life of Mr. Greenleaf so forcibly presents. It was from small beginnings and slow accessories at first, and always from honest and earnest effort, that worldly gains were secured; never from feverish speculation, undue greed or hard bargains—simply the plain recital of a spotless business and blameless Christian life, which it was éver his aim to amplify and adorn.

Such a record stands out in bold relief from the prominent scroll upon which it is written,

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when taken in connection with the story of the limited educational advantages of his early life, in bolder lines than it otherwise would, and commands not only attention but admiration and commendation.

It is also rare that to so simple, yet well maintained a life is it given to render at its close so clean and correct a stewardship of God's gifts to men, as the death of Mr. Greenleaf discloses, that of a disposition not only to provide liberally for his household, but to continue his benefactions after his life-long open hand is closed forever; his appreciative remembrances taking a wide and well chosen range of operation, a partial list of which it may be proper to print here: The First Baptist Church of Springfield, as a permanent fund, the income of which is to be expended under the direction of the committee of the church, for the benefit of such poor people attending said church, whether members or not, as the committee may consider deserving; Springfield's Young Men's Christian Association; the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society;

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Mount Hermon School for boys; American Baptist Home Missionary Society; Springfield City Library; a fund in trust to pay salaries of teachers in Shaw University; Springfield Home for Aged Women, and Springfield City Hospital, to all of which liberal bequests were made.

Funeral Services.

THE FUNERAL.

IN accordance with the request of Mr. Greenleaf the funeral services were held in the First Baptist Church, with the conduct and maintenance of which he had been so long prominently identified. It was by his desire that the services were impressively simple, both in plan and detail, under the conduct of his pastor, Rev. George C. Baldwin, Jr., assisted by Rev. B. D. Hahn of the State Street Baptist Church, Rev. Dwight L. Moody and Rev. Dr. Judson of New York.

The simple rendering of the services harmonized with the floral offerings of friends, at once representative of mingled elements of tender remembrance and sorrow. Palms, lilies and floral pieces were tastefully arranged within the pulpit's altar rails, notably among which were the first flowers of the year from

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Forest Park—beautiful white, yellow and pink pond lilies, from the Park Commissioners; a large panel of flowers from the employes of the Holyoke Paper Co., and an elaborate Masonic floral emblem from the brothers of the Springfield Commandery.

After a brief service at the Maple street home of the Greenleaf family, the funeral train proceeded to the church, where a large body of sympathizing friends and neighbors were in waiting, in connection with representative citizens from Holyoke, Boston, Berkshire, Hartford, New York and other places, including a delegation of two hundred employees of the mill where Mr. Greenleaf had so long been a recognized commercial and moral leader and guide. The public exercises consisted of the reading of a brief funeral service by the pastor, who led the procession through an aisle of the audience room of the church, followed by singing, by the quartet choir, of the hymn commencing with "Father, whate'er of Earthly Bliss." Rev. Mr. Hahn then read appropriate selections from both the Old and New Testa-

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ments, after which the choir sang "Abide with me," the singing being followed by the remarks of Rev. Mr. Baldwin :

We are met as friends to fulfill the last earthly service of friendship, by giving expression to our profound sense of loss, and to the profounder consolations of a love that remembers and hopes. And both these emotions should find voice, simple as this man's nature was simple; honest as he was in every part and phase of life, and sunlit as he bore himself to the end with the light of a true heart, pure lips and a useful life.

To almost all this large company there is a sense of personal bereavement which chokes the speech and fills the heart with loneliness. Here are men who have walked with him in familiar intercourse through many years, who have learned to lean upon that sagacious judgment, to prize that sterling integrity, and to count upon that indomitable persistence as one of their best reinforcements. Here are leaders in philanthropic endeavors, who for long years have known that this warm heart accompanied

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them, and that his means were consecrated gladly, as well as generously, to their support. Here is the church, which found in this quiet, unostentatious fidelity, an inspiration which was abiding in his love for the church. To it he gave money without grumbling, service without wavering, thought and care and devotion, which clasped in its embrace the entire fellowship, from the least to the greatest. Here are friends who, if we might break the silence of confidence—holy now with heaven's holiness—could tell how he ministered in the hour of trouble, God's own angel of deliverance. Here are representatives of large organizations, with widespreading beneficences, who found in this man a conscience sensitive to obligation, rare among men, and a will which strove with the cost of sacrifice to fulfill as in him lay, these obligations. And here are the representatives of our city that his love and service enriched through his generosity by a benefaction, beautiful and valuable, with a value destined to grow with the years. So we are all one in the sense and in the power of

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loss; all of us poor with a poverty which bears down all distinctions and makes us all friends, companions and brothers. We mourn this loss. Yet this very loss is the measure of our wealth; our sorrow is the inverse image of our consolations.

We know that this man's life has enriched us all. It was not a great life, as men count greatness. No high place or noteworthy honor fell to his lot. He was not a great man as men count greatness. No extraordinary endowment or attainment of mind lifted him above us, and yet the longer we knew him the more we were impressed with another greatness, the greatness of simple goodness, active, virile, sympathetic. It was a positive goodness. Not merely that he did no mean things or base, but that he did do good things. This was a busy life, and the circle of his activities was large, but the zone in which his heart was, was that where he was helping others.

All of us enjoy Forest Park, but none of us can know the rapture which filled that warm heart when he saw the children playing, the

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people picnicing, all classes and conditions reaping the harvest that his kindly mind had planted. It was strong, virile goodness, manly in its reticences. Through long years of intimate conversations I never heard a harsh, unkind judgment of another fall from his lips—no petty slur or blighting innuendo, never. He was a man of strong convictions, but he knew that rare grace of respecting the convictions of others. It was virile in its uprightness. How much this life has enriched this community by its rugged honesty. Again and again these last days I have asked the question from men of all classes, "Did you ever hear a whisper against this man's character?" and the answer has come with emphasis, "Never, he was spotless."

And then how rich we are in that sympathetic goodness. Mr. Greenleaf had the heart of a child to the last. He had his measure of trial; his confidence was abused, his generosity was presumed upon, but these did not make that temperament grow hard or sour, nor withdraw in the slightest from ceaseless outgo of

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beneficences. It was this which touched his slightest act of kindness with a grace and a beauty of the highest order. After all, friends, the heart is the fountain of life. Our affections are the surest measure of our greatness or littleness. I find it hard to keep within the bounds of moderation, as I remember that kindly heart, patient, compassionate, unselfish. I say with all reverence it is not hard to believe in Jesus after one has known such a man as O. H. Greenleaf.

So our consolations sing this song even in the midst of our sorrow. Our loss is but the transverse reading of our wealth. How much richer this community is by this life which has kept the course of downright, upright and outright honesty all through these years. The peer of you all in sagacity, in integrity, in persistent painstaking industry, never did he swerve from the simple rule of right. And we dare say that his best gift to the city of Springfield was not that beautiful park, not that constant devotion to all the good interests of our beloved city—not those, but himself; that character, strong,

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kindly, unselfish, pure, honorable and honest, which he forged out of meager advantages, out of strenuous labor, out of real continued sacrifice forged by the unremitting activity of a long life. This city is wealthy with a priceless treasure by such a man. He passes, but his work abides. And I should be false to him did I not go further and uncover the heart of this real greatness. Naturally we judge this man was not of extraordinary endowments. He was by nature of a quick temper, a strong individuality as well as an imperious will. With the most of men these qualities do not ripen into the fruitage he bore. Mr. Greenleaf would say, and there would be no breath of pretence or cant in the saying "By the grace of God I am what I am." There is no difference here among us. His simple piety commanded universal respect as it won general confidence. He knew an inner life of faith and prayer such as few do. His trust was as vivid as his love. He cultivated a personal attachment to his master. The forms of religion he maintained with persistent loyalty, but within and behind

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the form throbbed a real life, steadily broadening and deepening, growing mellow and gracious. In all confidence I say that this man's greatness lay there. His master said "Unless a man become as a little child he cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven," and now we know the explanation of the childlike simplicity and humility—that childlike honesty and tenderness, that childlike sympathy and hopefulness. It's all there. We dare say this man was a Christian whose faith grew broad as well as deep, tender as well as strong. In old age there was the zeal and enthusiasm of youth, but tempered, mastered, refined.

It was his own wish that this service should be held here. He spoke to me fully of it all, and thus it was like him. He felt there were many who loved him who might be debarred were the service held in the privacy of his home, and so he desired to serve you even in death. But he begged me that everything should be simple, that what should be said should be brief, and as little personal as might be. That simple, humble heart shrank from

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the thought of formal praise. We have tried to fulfill his wish, and indeed we cannot add to his greatness. There is nothing finer open to man than to live the life given him, honestly, earnestly, lovingly. That is greatness. That we say this man did, and our sorrow is ennobled and exultant even in that it was given us to count this man our friend, and with one voice and heart we say the old words finding them true as well as precious:—

“Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.”

Remarks were then made by Rev. Dr. Judson, of New York, who spoke briefly but feelingly, of the loss to the world from Mr. Greenleaf's death, and of the great gain to mankind from the good results of his simple yet noble life. “Asleep in Jesus” was then sung by the choir, followed by Evangelist Moody, who said:—

* * * * “The death of the body and beginning of life everlasting is a glorious thing. A short time ago, when I returned from the

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South, I saw our brother here. He was then in much pain and sorrow, and since that time, whenever I have thought of Springfield, I have prayed that God would take him to himself. So, when I was in Boston the other day, and a lady said to me, 'Mr. Moody, have you heard the awful news? Mr. Greenleaf is dead,' I said, 'It is not awful news, our friend is with the Lord.' When will people learn there is no such thing as death when a man is in the love of God? Are Martin, Luther and Knox and Bunyan dead? No, this is not the time for mourning, but for rejoicing. Death is swallowed up in victory. Thank God for the victory and for the gospel, which our beloved brother loved."

Press Tributes.

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FROM THE PAPER WORLD, MAY, 1896.

DEATH OF O. H. GREENLEAF.

While the last sheets of this issue of the Paper World are passing from the press, there comes to us the sad, but not wholly unexpected, announcement of the death of O. H. Greenleaf—one of the best of men—a passing to its close of a life worth the living in the highest sense of the term; a life without a blemish; a life-record of good deeds; of a more than ordinary kindly nature and sympathetic tendencies, at once responsive and helpful, without show or ostentation; a man whom all of his own day and generation will hold in pleasant memory, and learn of his death with sincere sorrow.

Mr. Greenleaf's health has been impaired for several years, and his passing away has not been unexpected for many months, but the announcement of his death, on Thursday morning, the 14th inst., was nevertheless a great shock throughout the community, where he has for many years been held in the highest esteem, not only in the business world, but in the enterprising, social and religious environments of our homes.

Orick H. Greenleaf was born at Nunda, Livingstone

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county, N. Y., in 1823, and was, consequently, seventy-three years of age. When a young man of twenty-two, he came to Springfield, and two years later went into partnership with the late L. H. Taylor, in the paper stock trade, to which paper selling was soon after added. This business was continued for twenty-one years until 1868; but the intervening years witnessed the inception and the successful development of other enterprises, more or less closely related to the original investment. Early in the fifties, the firm was changed to a stock company, into which additional capital was taken under the style of the Greenleaf & Taylor Manufacturing Company, which in 1853 built a paper mill at Huntington, now operated by the Chester Paper Company. This mill was for a time run upon printing papers, but in 1867 was changed to a writing paper mill. For a year or two previous to 1860, the same firm operated the old Ames mill in this city.

Mr. Greenleaf made his first investment at Holyoke in November, 1865, just after the close of the civil war, when prices were at their highest. Holyoke was then simply a village, and not a very large one. Only a few paper mills had then been established and they were, as compared with the establishments of to-day, almost insignificantly small. William Whiting and Joseph C. Parsons were making writing papers, while James and John Newton were engaged in the production of collar papers and other engine-sized papers. Crossing the river to South Hadley Falls, Joseph Carew and the Hampshire Paper Company

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were in the business. The mill of the latter company had recently been started, employing as its superintendent, T. W. Butterfield, who in 1857 had built the original structure of what is now the Holyoke Paper Company's plant, which he had started in the spring of 1858. This mill he had sold a year or two previous to Stephen Holman, who, after running it for a time, desired to enlarge its capacity of one ton per day, and had broken ground for such enlargement when Mr. Greenleaf opened the negotiations which resulted in his purchase of the property. The plans were changed somewhat, but the enlargement was carried out, so that in 1867 the capacity of the mill had increased to five tons per day—a capacity which has since been enlarged by about fifty per cent.

From that time to the date of his death, Mr. Greenleaf was principally identified with the business of the company which he thus founded and whose work he has since supervised. In 1886, the mill was damaged by fire to the amount of some \$50,000, on the 10th of April, the night watchman losing his life by suffocation. An idea of the extent of the damage may be gained from the fact that 345 tons of paper, which suffered by smoke and water, were sold at about half price, the loss on the lot being some \$40,000. The misfortune was taken advantage of by Mr. Greenleaf, however, to effect a thorough remodeling of the plant, which was done under his direct personal supervision. It was a characteristic of the man, that he looked closely after the details of his business; and even

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during his partially disabled condition of last winter, he used to visit the mills at Holyoke whenever possible, in order to keep in touch with the business interests which had been so long his special pride and care.

Mr. Greenleaf retained his residence in Springfield continuously from his coming here in 1845, and he was a public spirited, conscientious and honored citizen. To him primarily, the city owes its magnificent Forest Park, for the establishment of which Mr. Greenleaf made the first important gift of some seventy acres of land, setting the example during his lifetime which other generous individuals have followed, till at the present time Springfield may safely boast of an outing place for her people, unequaled by any other city of its size in this country or perhaps in the world. Nor were Mr. Greenleaf's benefactions and deeds of kindness confined to public bequests; many a poor and deserving person has cause to bless his kindness of heart and to drop the tear of sympathy. He was a man whom Springfield and her people knew and honored, and for whose departure the city will be the poorer.

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FROM THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN, MAY 15, 1896.

DEATH OF ORICK H. GREENLEAF.

Mr. Greenleaf's death will carry a sense of loss not only in business circles where he stood at the front among the paper manufacturers in probity, wisdom, foresight and the kindly relations which he sustained toward everybody; but also among the educational institutions, North and South, which relied on his cheerful and sustained giving—and as well to all the people of Springfield, for he well deserved the name of public benefactor. Back of all these interests which touched Mr. Greenleaf in his business and public relations were the almost numberless cases of personal generosity, known in most cases only by the recipients of his aid so cheerfully, modestly and worthily given. This silent, reserved man who never boasted and yet was filled with the milk of human kindness, was a power for good. The clear honor of his record was never stained by a mean act, and he overflowed with friendliness. It will never be known how many young men he assisted, nor the number of the homes in which he helped the inmates to carry some special financial burden; but young men in the paper trade will gratefully recall the readiness which he always displayed to place at their service the fruits of his longer experience and riper judgment. There came to him no narrowing of sympathy as

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the result of fierce competition that is the chief characteristic of business life. He was a master of paper manufacturing and belonged to the old school of men in that line and yet was always a strong man among his associates, old and young. He was progressive and masterful so long as his health permitted.

Mr. Greenleaf's monument, that will endure as long as the city which he loved and in whose growth he had great pride, is Forest Park. Our public breathing place of 425 acres has grown from his generous thought and original gift of seventy acres. "This beautiful park," say the park commissioners in their last report, "is now the playground of over 50,000 people, and it welcomes to its attractive confines 150,000 people who dwell within a radius of ten miles of Court square, not to mention the thousands of visitors from homes more remote. During the year just passed 500,000 persons have enjoyed its privileges and have been made happier for its existence." When Mayor Bradford made the natural proposition to Mr. Greenleaf of calling the new park by his name, the giver, with much modesty and forethought, replied: "My name is preserved in calling it Forest Park, for that is green leaf park." And so the popular wish was thwarted, but the city and the park undoubtedly benefited by the decision. The example set by Mr. Greenleaf, inspired others, as the ground was laid out and its possibilities became apparent, so that the first gift of seventy acres has grown to over 309 acres, while some 116 acres have been added by pur-

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chase. Indeed it is always to be remembered that Everett H. Barney has given an acreage double that of Mr. Greenleaf's, for 157 acres stand to his credit. There have been other smaller donations, but to these two men the grateful recognition of our people will always be due. This is a public service of the sort that will draw dividends of the right sort for all the years to come.

It was in 1883 that the thought of founding a public park matured in Mr. Greenleaf's mind. In that year he traveled in Europe, and he was greatly impressed by at least three Forest parks, at Vienna, Berlin and Florence. His thought went to the land which he owned at the South end of Springfield, and he resolved to dedicate it to the people. This extensive tract of rolling country he had bought years before in company with the late Samuel Bowles. Their thought was to develop the property for fine residences, and with this in view they bought the Lombard farm for \$14,000. George Hathorne, the architect of Mr. Greenleaf's house, the city library and other buildings in Springfield, was also interested in the plan for laying out a fine quarter of the city in that direction. The depression of real estate which came in 1873 interfered with the project, and so things drifted until in due time the city reaped a benefit greater than the perfection of the first plan would have conferred. If there was less money in this for Mr. Greenleaf's private pocket, there was a profounder satisfaction for all these later years of his life. He had a deep pride and joy in the progress of all that

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pertained to the park, and loved to visit it. The spectacle of family parties with their lunches, of the children at play, the restfulness of the spot to tired mothers and invalids—the last phase one in which he personally shared—appealed to him year after year as the spring and summer came around. There had been the utmost comfort in this giving.

FROM THE SPRINGFIELD DAILY UNION, MAY 14, 1896.

O. H. GREENLEAF.

By the death of Orick H. Greenleaf Springfield loses a citizen whose place it will be more difficult to fill than that of almost any other citizen. During his long residence in Springfield he has stood for all that is noble and upright in citizenship, and the good he has done will live after him, so long as Springfield exists. While the gift of a large tract of land for a park is and always will be, associated with his name, that was but one of the many deeds that he has done to endear him to the people. That gift alone was a public one, and that will be his everlasting monument. Without the public spirit of Mr. Greenleaf, Springfield to-day would have no such pleasure ground as Forest park.

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Of Mr. Greenleaf it can justly be said that he was a leading business man, and that much of the prosperity of the Connecticut valley is due to his energy and business sagacity, but the people will love and honor his memory, not for his business ability, but for his charity. No man ever lived who exemplified in his every word and action true charity to a fuller extent. He was the kind of man that not alone professing Christians loved to honor, but the entire community felt was a true Christian, a true friend and a man among men. He was a firm believer in the idea that a man with wealth should give of his store during his life, and he acted upon this principle. Many of the poor of this community mourn to-day the loss of their best friend.

Now is the time for the community to show that it feels its great loss and in some substantial manner perpetuate the memory of this great and good man. Let us do something that will insure the keeping of his memory green through all time. Forest park will be his monument, but that monument should be so marked that the coming generations will know who it was that started the movement that has proved such a blessing and will continue to be for all time.

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FROM THE BOSTON WATCHMAN, JUNE 4, 1896.

O. H. GREENLEAF.

The home-going of this good man deserves more than a passing notice in these columns. Through a long and busy life he has been so closely identified with all our own denominational interests, sympathetically and financially, that his death means large loss to us in many ways. Nor did his interests or his benefactions stop with our Baptist cause. He was identified with all our local philanthropies and was further especially interested in, and related to, such noble works as Mr. Moody's at Northfield and our own Dr. Tupper's at Raleigh. Springfield is united in its respect for and admiration of this humble-minded Christian, whose character was without reproach, and whose benevolence was hearty and generous. One of the glories of our city—our Forest park—had its origin in his gift, and that gift had a characteristic feature in that Mr. Greenleaf resolutely refused to have the park named, as was generally desired, after him.

Personally he was of an unusually strong character, matured by the stress of hardship and faithful toil. Singularly simple and honest in disposition and habit, the grace of God ripened him into a loving and lovable manhood which bound us all to him in abiding personal relationships. I may not speak at large of his love for and

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fidelity to his church. That familiar and so often abused phrase, "a pillar in the church," in him found realization and illustration beyond our words to express. But there is one great fact in that life which uncovers an element that largely made that life what it was, and which is so remarkable in its character and its applications, that I am constrained to make it public. Mr. Greenleaf was widely known as a most generous giver of money. I wish to relate how that came about. Mr. Greenleaf was born in Nunda, N. Y., of sterling stock, but was compelled as a boy to care for himself. He was converted in a great revival, and joined the Baptist church in Seneca Falls in 1845, removing to Springfield and joining the First Baptist church in 1846. He began his business life on a tin peddler's cart, going through the country collecting rags and country barter. He was a shrewd bargain maker, and like other men was determined to get on. Soon he found that he was loving money. He straightway determined to begin at once to give a certain per cent. of all he received. This he began when he was earning only day's wages, and he adhered to it as his income increased. He told me once that he had made in the course of his life one million dollars, and had given away half of it.

Still further, as he prospered, he set to himself a limit thinking that as a Christian he ought not to be worth more than \$100,000; and as he neared that limit, and saw that quite certainly he could go beyond it he deliberated long and prayerfully as to whether his resolution should

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be kept, coming at last to the conclusion, wise and just, that the opportunity for larger wealth meant opportunity for larger usefulness, and to the end he persisted in a wise stewardship of the large means he had gained. Still another quality of all this I must say. This man thought that he was giving outright—as we call it, charitably—only after he had gone beyond certain boundaries. For instance, he claimed that the support of his church, of the denominational interests, of the local philanthropical societies were simple obligations, as he called them, current expenses, and that he only became beneficent as he passed beyond these.

In these days when wealth also is being consecrated, we will confess that this career is a beautiful and noteworthy illustration of what applied Christianity may mean.

I ought to add that what I have related came to me in the intimacy of personal intercourse, and I make it public only because it turns where he wanted it and all things to go, to the glory of the Lord he loved and served.

With all his strong individuality there was a marked simplicity and humility about him, and I freely say this was as good a man as I have ever known, who crowned a life of strenuous and unselfish labor by the brave endurance of a long sickness, and now has entered into rest.

G. C. BALDWIN, JR.

Springfield, Mass.

Resolutions of Condolence.

CITY OF SPRINGFIELD.

IN BOARD OF ALDERMEN, MAY 25, 1896.

WHEREAS, It is fitting that the life and death of a public spirited citizen and upright man of business to whom the City is greatly indebted should receive public acknowledgment and permanent record,

Resolved, That the City Council of Springfield recognizes the sterling qualities of the late Orick H. Greenleaf, and bears grateful testimony to his long and unblemished business career; to his courtesy as a neighbor and to his lofty example as a citizen.

Resolved, That in the gift of the valuable nucleus essential to the creation of our splendid Forest Park, Mr. Greenleaf has not only adorned and beautified the city which he loved, but has laid its people and their children under obligations which will forever endear his memory as a wise and generous benefactor.

A true copy of Resolutions adopted by the City Council and approved by the Mayor, May 25, 1896.

E. A. NEWELL, City Clerk.

HOLYOKE PAPER COMPANY.

At the annual meeting of the Holyoke Paper Company held at Holyoke, Thursday, May 28, 1896, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father in his allwise providence has removed from among us by death, on Thursday, May 14, our President, Mr. Orick H. Greenleaf,

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. Greenleaf, this Company loses a man who for nearly one third of a century, has directed its management and business with great foresight and care, resulting in a prosperity equaled by but few companies, and the production of papers whose reputation has become world-wide.

Resolved, That Mr. Greenleaf, by his life of charity and generosity to so many causes, religious, educational, charitable and patriotic, has endeared himself to us and a large number of friends and the citizens of this community and state.

He believed he was God's almoner of the wealth he received and so bestowed it to the needy, and has left an example well worthy for us to follow.

Resolved, That we, his fellow-workers for many years, tender our sympathy to his widow and family in this their

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hour of sorrow and trial. May his strong faith give them hope and confidence.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered in full on the records of this meeting, and a copy suitably engrossed signed by the officers of this Company, be presented to his widow.

H. M. PHILLIPS,	DAVID ALLEN REED,
JAMES W. KIRKHAM,	FRED M. SMITH,
W. G. WILSON,	WILLIAM IRWIN MARTIN,
O. S. GREENLEAF.	

CITY LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

The following Resolution was adopted at a meeting of the Directors of the City Library Association, held at the Art Building, on June 20, at 4 o'clock P. M. :

The Directors of the City Library Association desire to place on record their sense of the loss which the Institution, and the entire community, have sustained by the death of Mr. O. H. Greenleaf. He was a citizen of the best type. He won success in business by industry, integrity, and ability ; and in the use of his wealth he acted as a Trustee for the benefit of his fellows.

Springfield will always remember him gratefully as the founder of its noble park. Of this Library he was a steady and serviceable friend. His contributions began with the erection of the Library building in 1871, and ended with a considerable legacy.

He was a Director for twenty-three years, and a very regular attendant upon the meetings until the failure of his health. It is to such men as he that the Library owes its prosperity and usefulness, and such lives transmit the inspiration which will perpetuate its success.

